

Morning's Light

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Summary: It always started in the morning, the happiness of the day. A lot of people didn't like mornings. They wanted to sleep in for as long as possible. Francis loved mornings, more so now than ever.

Morning's Light

Early morning light greeted Francis as he roused from sleep. His eyelashes fluttered for a few moments, his eyes fighting to stay open. He was still tired. It was too early to be getting up on a Saturday anyways.

His thoughts fluttered in and out of focus. Dust swayed gently through golden rays of light, undisturbed by the stillness of the room. He absentmindedly questioned how he got into his bedroom- he could have sworn he had fallen asleep on the couch the night before. He shifted, frowning once he realized two things.

Alfred wasn't in bed with him and he was topless.

He searched the room with his eyes, finally noticing his binder on his dresser, on the other side of the room. He fought back letting out a groan in frustration, his head quickly sinking further into the bed's pillows.

He was too comfy to get up and do things. It was cold in the room and there was a nice warm spot where he had been sleeping. The Frenchman's eyebrows furrowed together before he released a yell.

"Alfred!"

He waited a few moments, which soon turned into a few minutes. Francis' frown deepened. He didn't hear any tell tale signs of Alfred

walking back into their bedroom, or of him in the shower explaining his absence- had he been called into work and not wanted to wake Francis up?

It had happened on more than one occasion, a sudden lead in one of Alfred's cases at three o'clock in the morning, making the blond get up and leave for hell knows where in New York. He normally left a note for Francis letting him know what was going on.

Francis finally made up his mind beginning to sit up when the door began to open. He stopped moving when Alfred walked in, a tray held in one hand and two wrapped packages in another. The American smiled over at Francis, closing the bedroom door with his hip before walking over to the foot of the bed.

"Good morning, Francis," Alfred quickly greeted him, setting the packages down on the bed before putting the tray on the night stand. He hopped into bed, crawling over to the other, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

Two coffee mugs, two omelets, and strawberries rested on the tray Alfred had put aside. Francis leaned against his shoulder, now sitting up with one of the blankets wrapped loosely around his shoulders.

"Why did you not answer me?" he asked quietly beginning to play with Alfred's fingers out of habit. Alfred laced them together instead lifting the hand up to give it a kiss on the knuckles, then on the tips of Francis' fingers.

"I was trying to make this," he motioned towards the breakfast and packages, ", a surprise."

"Mmm, were you now?"

Alfred let out a hum before nodding, reaching over for the tray, laughing as Francis let out a whine at the lost of heat. He slipped under the covers as he set the tray down on the bed, lifting his arm up to wrap it around Francis' shoulders.

"It seems as though I failed," he replied back, handing Francis his cup before picking up his own.

Francis took a sip of his coffee before responding, a smile slowly lighting up his face, "I suppose I can forgive you this time."

Alfred's eyes lit up in response, quickly giving Francis' cheek another kiss in happiness.

They sat together in calm silence. Their breakfast was slowly eaten, Alfred feeding Francis the strawberries once the omelets were finished. After all of the food was gone, Francis settled back against the headboard as Alfred grabbed the gifts.

The larger one was given to him first. It was lumpy and the wrapping paper sunk in and crinkled when he squeezed it. Francis glanced up at Alfred, raising one eyebrow in question. The younger simply motioned for him to open it, a smile splitting his face in two.

Francis opened it to find a stuffed animal, a rabbit, with a heart marking on its butt. He began to laugh before Alfred could say anything, pressing his face against the soft material that was supposed to be the rabbit's fur.

"_Merci_, Alfred," he finally managed to get out setting the plush down as Alfred handed him the second gift.

It was much smaller, almost like a jewelry box. Francis gently peeled the wrapping paper back to find a small black box. He opened that soon afterwards going quiet at the lighter that dropped into his hand.

"Umm, should I be asking why you gave me a lighter?"

Alfred shifted so he was in front of Francis, hands going to rest on Francis' shoulders. "Well, we are going to use it eventually. Hopefully soon," he didn't elaborate for a few moments.

"On what?" Francis asked going quiet as Alfred got up to grab something off of the top of the dresser. His binder, Alfred was grabbing his binder. Up until that point Francis forgot he wasn't wearing it like normal.

Alfred sat back down holding the black material gently. Francis' face paled at what Alfred was asking him to do.

"W-what, how can you say that!? I thought you were happy with-

Alfred dropped it waving his hands back and forth, "Oh, no, no, no-don't take this the wrong way, oh my god, I should have explained this better-

"- you said you didn't care that-

"And I don't, Francis, listen to me," Alfred grabbed his shoulders again, Francis flinching in on himself in the same instant. He was shaking, tears threatening to come out of his eyes.

"I got a call from Doctor Hond- Kiku this morning."

Francis went still, head tilting up to meet Alfred's gaze again.

"He said you have the go ahead," Alfred continued, giving Francis' shoulders a squeeze.

"You," the Frenchman paused disbelief making its way to his face. "You mean..?"

"You've been approved for top surgery Francis," Alfred smiled at him again, hands coming in to cup his cheeks gently. Francis' mouth opened then closed before his own hands came up to cover his face. His chest began to heave as a sob wracked through his body.

He flung himself at Alfred not a second later arms wrapping around the others neck. He let out another cry, tears slipping down his face. Alfred wrapped him up just as tightly pressing kiss after kiss to his temple.

Francis had never been happier in his life. Years, he had been trying for _years_ to make this moment a reality. He had tried back in his home country of France, and even longer since moving to the United States.

"Thank you- thank you, thank you, thank you," Alfred pressed more kisses against him in response, warm hands rubbing his back. "_Merci-oh dieu, merci_," he continued on, a new wave of tears wetting Alfred's shoulder.

The two stayed embraced for a long time, Francis sniffing every now and again, Alfred rubbing his back in comfort. It was finally happening.

He was finally going to be himself, inside and out.

* * *

><p>Francis woke up to a mouthful of stuffed animal fur. He blinked, eyes squinting at the open blinds. Midmorning sunlight made the wooden floor gleam on his side of the bed. He carefully pushed the stuffed rabbit down on the bed towards his legs, shivering at the cool air in the room.<p>

It was supposed to have snowed the previous night, making it another white Christmas and new years.

Francis let out a yawn, scooting back until he felt Alfred's chest on his back. An arm wrapped around his waist, Alfred's nose rubbing against the back of his neck.

"Mornin'," was the greeting he received before Alfred's leg wrapped over the top of his own. Francis smiled in amusement.

"You have always been a cuddler, haven't you?" he questioned, letting his eyes slide closed again.

"You love me for it," Alfred whispered back, pressing a gentle kiss where his nose previously had been. Then he pressed another and another, one after the other, feather light, lips barely touching soft skin.

Francis let out a huff that soon pattered off into giggles as he tried to move away, the other's previous methods of snuggling closer keeping him trapped.

"Stop it, you ass," he managed to speak up just loud enough between giggles, a wolfish grin making its way to Alfred's face. Francis went still at the deep breath that was taken in.

"Don't you dare- Alfred, I swear to god-"

Alfred blew a raspberry before he could even finish, Francis elbowing him as he let out a high pitched squeal. He went back to gently kissing the other soon afterwards, Francis wiggling until he managed to roll away, sitting up with a pout.

"You suck," he hit Alfred with a pillow as the man tried to make a grab for him, Alfred soon hitting him back in retaliation. They went back and forth until Alfred dragged Francis closer by the leg,

wrapping him up in his arms, Francis' legs splayed over Alfred's lap.

"I do suck, and I suck very well, thank you very much," Alfred pressed one last kiss to Francis' neck, this time on the side. Francis snorted at the joke, smacking Alfred on the top of the head.

"And your sense of humor is terrible."

"I wasn't joking."

They looked at each other in silence for a few moments before smiles took over serious expressions, laughter filling the room. Francis tucked his head under Alfred's chin, smiling in pure happiness.

Alfred's hands rubbed over Francis' thighs and the small of his back, more kisses being placed on the crown of his head, "I'd give you a real kiss, but you need to shave."

Francis faked a gasp, hand flying up over his heart, "My beard is only a day past trimming, Alfred Jones."

Alfred stuck out his tongue in fake disgust, nose scrunching up soon afterwards, "A day too many, if you ask me."

"Well no one asked you," Francis fired back, rubbing his face against the others collarbone, Alfred letting out a cry of protest. Francis stopped a few moments later before flopping back on the bed.

Alfred's hands fell onto his lap, fingers barely touching Francis' torso. The Frenchman let out a little pleased noise as he arched slightly against Alfred's knee, hearing his back crack quietly. Alfred soon shifted to he was lying next to Francis, a soft smile present on his face.

"You are the most beautiful husband ever," he murmured out of the blue, fingers reaching out to touch Francis cheek bone. Francis tilted his head so he was facing Alfred as well.

"You aren't so bad looking yourself," was the mumbled reply.

Alfred gazed at the other, his expression content, his posture relaxed. He had slept in a pair of Alfred's pajama pants, the pant legs rolled up twice. The hair on his arms and chest stood out against bear skin, light pink scars below his pectorals being the only other mark.

It had been two years since that morning, when Francis had cried himself horse, cheeks stained red in gratitude. They both had met up with Kiku, Francis' stand by therapist, as soon as possible to finalize everything. Kiku, who had been with Francis for a good year trying to find a doctor who would go through with the surgery at his approval, had been elated himself at Francis' happiness.

Francis was grateful for Kiku's help, he always was, but the fact he needed permission from someone else to do something to his own body always had him on edge.

Alfred had been there every step of the way since before and after the approval, since his surgery was over, since his voice finally deepened and his shoulders got a bit broader, since he started to grow a beard and hair everywhere else.

They had celebrated by burning his binder before going out to dinner, inviting Kiku to come along.

Francis had come a long way, and Alfred could see how happy he was every day when they woke up, every day when they had breakfast and said their good byes, heading off to work. When Francis got home, tired from the day, a small I love you given to Alfred before he flopped down on their couch cuddling up to one of the pillows.

"Alfred, you are spacing out on me," Francis finally interrupted, his hand tapping Alfred's cheek. Alfred look at the other clearly, memories fading from his thoughts.

"What's up, sweetheart."

Francis shook his head, a fond smile making his eyes crinkle up at the sides, "I said, how about we make breakfast before heading out to that movie you wanted to see today," he restated, sitting up with his hands propped up against the mattress.

"Yeah, sounds like a plan to me."

And so, they both got up, Alfred lifting Francis into his arms before sweeping out into the kitchen, Francis laughing the whole way. The rest of the morning was spent with pancake batter on faces and syrup on fingers, sickly sweet kisses soon following.

Alfred loved Francis with all his heart. He hoped the man would stay happy forever, Alfred would make sure of it. '_Till death do us part,_' he had said, and he meant it. Every single word of it.

* * *

><p>They had even framed the lighter and put it on the mantle.<p>

* * *

><p>In which Francis is trans and everything turns out happy!
Thanks for reading, leave a comment if you'd like!

End
file.